

PANJANDRUM.



E WOLF HOPPER and his clever company of comic opera artists, presenting for the first time in this city, the gorgeous comic opera spectacle "Panjandrum," which recently closed its long and brilliant run of 156 nights at the Broadway theater. New York City, will be produced at the Lansing theater Friday evening, April 6th. The comedian's company, which makes its initial appearance in this city on the above named evening, is almost identically the same as in former seasons; and comprises Della Fox, Marion Singer, Nellie Douglas, Louise Hilliard, Helen Beresford, Samuel Reed, Edmund Stanley, Alfred Klein, Harry P. Stone, Louis Shrader, Wm. C. Jones, and others equally familiar to and popular with the vast army of American theatre goers. "Panjandrum," it is said, pleases the eye by brilliantly picturesque scenes and sumptuous stage settings, and delights the ear by a series of tinkling jingling melodies. It is classed as a light opera, or in other words, an opera burlesqued, so arranged as to give DeWolf Hopper the widest possible scope for his gymnastic abilities, as well as his unctuous humor, while the score gives him ample opportunity for the full display of his vocal powers. The opera is divided into two acts, its theme being an oriental one, and its story begins in Subaya



a suburb of Manilla, the principal seaport of Luzon, one of the Philippine islands.

A young sailor named Pedro is infatuated with Paquita, the coquetish proprietress of the village inn, and who during her lover's absence at sea has become fascinated by Diego, a noted bull fighter. Arriving at Subaya from his voyage, the hapless lover discovers the state of affairs, and at once determines to foil his rival. Learning that a great bull fight is to take place, and that Diego, owing to a sprained ankle, would be unable to appear in the bull-ring as the spada, or chief bull fighter, Pedro at once sees a means of covering himself with glory and of supplanting Diego in the affections of Paquita. So, arrayed in all the splendor of a torreador he enters the ring, but unhappily is ignominiously vanquished, and presents himself tattered, torn, bruised and humiliated before his sweetheart, who taunts him with his defeat. Matters are thus worse with him now than before, but he still hopes to right himself with his adored one. Finally, the action of the opera leads to the departure for Spain of all the principal characters. The ship while at sea, is overtaken by a furious storm and wrecked upon the coast of Borneo. The passengers and crew are made prisoners by the savage natives. Meanwhile the young lovers have been left in a large cask labelled

"rum" in the jungle by their captors, who had anticipated a royal drunk on its supposed contents, but were frightened away by the roar of a tiger. They finally escape from the cask, and shortly arrive at the King Panjandrum's palace disguised as fakirs, where they discover the remainder of the party as captives, and under sentence of death. Pedro determines to rescue his friends, and in a brief conversation with Paco, a fellow sailor, he learns that Panjandrum, the king is dead, having died some six months before, but owing to an inconvenient law which provides that in the event of the death of the king, the grand vizier, with all the late monarch's wives and numerous slaves must be sacrificed at the obsequies, the wily vizier very sensibly keeps the demise of Panjandrum a profound secret. Pedro learns of this canker worm in the grand vizier's breast, and makes use of his knowledge to some purpose. After a brief negotiation, Pedro agrees to impersonate the dead monarch and makes his first appearance on the throne at the feast of the sun, where he is transformed into a young king by Paquita, his sweetheart. This delights the populace, who believe in the supernatural and who have crowded about the palace to witness the festivities. Pedro retains possession of the throne and pardons the grand vizier upon condition that the Spanish captives are returned in safety to their native land.

One of the most important productions to be made at the Lansing theatre this season will be that of "Brother John," a comedy written by Martha Morton, a young American girl, for the comedian, William H. Crane, and which was originally presented in New York last spring. It is Mr. Crane's avowed purpose to present nothing but native plays by native authors, and "Brother John" is essentially American in scene, action and plot. Its characters are American and it has a delightful American freshness and air about it accordant with American greatness.

The work is in four acts and was suggested by Cotton's lines:

"The world has nothing to bestow—
They are but fools who roam—
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home."

There is not a bad man or woman in the play and not a syllable is uttered which would bring a blush to the cheek of the most modest maiden. The part played by Mr. Crane is radically different from any he has heretofore attempted to portray. As *John Hackett*, hat manufacturer, residing in the little town of Bethel, Conn., he is allowed to play on all the strings leading to the heart. At times he is amusing and anon the heart within him is seen when his family defy, repulse and snap their fingers at him. Miss Morton's play is a beautiful, pathetic, picturesque and entertaining work, free from preaching, but at the same time containing a good moral. It is wholesome, pure in thought, true in tone, sweet in sentiment and singularly free from artificiality and exaggeration of all kinds. It attacks the evils of dissipated society which result from the concentration of civilization in large cities like Chicago, New York, London, Paris and Berlin. Soiled doves do not flutter their uncleaned wings in it and there are no dress-coated rascals hovering around for prey. Mr. Crane will present "Brother John" at the Lansing theatre Wednesday evening.

Thursday night A. Y. Pearson's "Police Patrol" will be presented at the Lansing theater. This play, of stirring molo-dramatic interest, has enjoyed a successful run, and is looked upon with much favor by the class of theatre goers that likes plays with plenty of action in them. It is put on with considerable elaboration of scenery and stage effects, and it is well up with the latest and most pretentious plays of its denomination. "Police Patrol" will have strong competitors next week, but it will doubtless have its share of the week's success.

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